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Number *219*

THE DUSTY PATH

A Play in one Act

BY
WILFRED T. COLEBY

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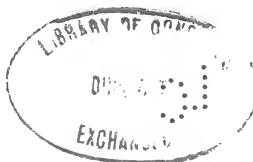
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THE DUSTY PATH

Produced under the direction of Mr. Cyril Maude at the Playhouse, London, on November 10, 1912, with the following caste :—

KITTY SCARCLIFFE	<i>Miss Athene Seyler.</i>
GEORGE SCARCLIFFE	<i>Mr. Brian Egerton.</i>
MRS. POSTHURST	<i>Miss Helen Rous.</i>

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THE DUSTY PATH

(The scene is the nursery in the Rectory at Upper Trentpuddle, East Dorset. KITTY, a charming, mischievous-looking girl of 20, is busying herself about the room, airing some infants' garments over the tall guard which surrounds the fire. As the curtain goes up she goes across from the fireplace to the sofa on the other side of the room and picks up a two months' old baby, which is wrapped in the usual mass of baby clothes, cashmere shawls, etcetera. She walks across the room with the baby.)

KITTY *(as she walks across the room talking to the baby in her arms)*. Did he want his mother. But your mother's here, you *darling*; yes, mother's got you, you lamb—go to byes, then. *(She puts the baby in the cot. Back c.)* Go to byes, there's a big man. *(She busies herself with the child's clothes.)* Mother's here when he's hungry, the *darling*. *(A voice is heard singing outside and GEORGE comes in singing some popular air. GEORGE is a charming, smart-looking young man of 22 or 23.)*

KITTY *(turning sharply)*. Sh——sh——George! He's asleep.

GEORGE. Eh?

KITTY *(sternly)*. Robert—is asleep.

GEORGE. Well, o' course he's asleep.

KITTY *(sternly)*. Then be quiet. *(She goes and bends over the cot.)*

GEORGE. Nothing wakes him, Kitty. Yesterday,

when Sally dropped the coal-scuttle he never turned a hair.

KITTY (*coming from the cot swiftly to GEORGE and taking him by the arm, and speaking in a voice of intense excitement*). George!!—He is——

GEORGE. What?

KITTY. He is sucking his thumb! So you can just come and see for yourself.

(*She leads him to the cot. They both look for a moment at the baby.*)

(*In a voice of intense pride.*)

Now! What d'you think of him?

GEORGE (*looking into her eyes and laughing*). He's lovely, Kitty. He's a dream.

KITTY (*sternly*). Well, what are you sniggering at, then?

(*He looks into her eyes again for a moment laughing, then takes her face in both his hands and kisses her.*)

GEORGE. You dearest little girl, I was only thinking that it *has* happened before.

KITTY. *What* has happened before?

GEORGE. Why, other babies have been born before Robert. There was a baby born in London last week; I saw an announcement of it in the paper.

KITTY. It's no use, George, you'll never draw me again.

GEORGE (*laughing*). What?

KITTY. I shall never rise when you throw the fly over me again, *never*—and I'll tell you why (*bursting out*) I'm much cleverer than you—I am much cleverer than any *man* who ever lived——

(*Coming up to him and poking her chin out at him.*)

Yes—if Hannibal, and Wellington and Napoleon and Shakespeare and Winston Churchill, if they'd all sat up all night together for years and years and thought and planned they couldn't, they couldn't——

GEORGE (*laughing and catching hold of her hands*). They couldn't what?

KITTY (*nodding her head at him triumphantly*). They couldn't have done what *I've* done—so there. (*She turns away with a toss of the head.*)

GEORGE (*smiling*). You're not cross, Kitty?

KITTY. Oh, dear, no. You're better than most men.

GEORGE. Am I?

KITTY. Yes. You *do* take an interest in Robert; nurse says so; though, of course, you don't realize in the least what I *have* done.

GEORGE. Yes I do *really*.

KITTY. No. It's impossible. Men may be very wonderful in all sorts of ways, but honestly they can't realize this—they can't understand it, so just try and be humble.

GEORGE (*laughing*). You're as proud as a little peacock on a rail, aren't you?

KITTY. Yes, I am. I don't mind owning it. Think, here am I, only just 20—back in the old house—the old Rectory where I was born—with my *own* baby; the most darling baby in the world—and—oh! George, there's only one thing. You remember what I so often used to wish for, when we were engaged?

GEORGE. What?

KITTY. If only father were alive, if only he could walk in at that door *now*. I couldn't help thinking of it, when I got that telegram from Aunt Cornelia to say she would be here this morning.

GEORGE (*starting visibly—his manner changing*). What!

KITTY. Didn't they show you Aunt Cornelia's wire? She's coming straight on here after she's landed at Southampton.

GEORGE. To-day! You said to-morrow!

KITTY. No, to-day—*now*. She'll be *here* directly, and you *are* to stop and see her, and be nice to her.

(GEORGE goes towards the door. She pulls him back, comic business.)

KITTY. George! Where are you going?

GEORGE. I've got an appointment, my dear.

KITTY (*holding him*). Yes, you've got an appointment *here—now*. You know, George, men really are selfish brutes. Here's Aunt Cornelia been away a whole year, lecturing in America. You *know* that she brought Ethel and me up, and you shall *not* bolt off and hurt her feelings by refusing to see her when——

GEORGE (*sinking down in a chair and running his hands through his hair*). Oh, good Lord.

KITTY (*very sharply*). Don't be so idiotic. You *are* to stop, and you *are* to be interested in Aunt Cornelia and her campaign against the tyranny of man, and her book against the slavery of Christian dogma, and her feminism and her communism and all her "isms" and——

GEORGE (*savagely*). And her snobbery.

KITTY. Rubbish; we're most of us snobs one way or another.

GEORGE (*between his teeth*). Not as she is. Why is she coming here at all—because it's on her way to Creech. You told nurse so yesterday. She's going to stay with the Duchess of Creech, so she wants to come and tell us all about it.

KITTY. Well, why not?

GEORGE. Why not? The Duchess of Creech! Who spouts Socialism from a costermonger's barrow, in the East End, and your precious Aunt Cornelia who writes books against religion in order to toady her way into the Creech set. (*Grinding his teeth.*) By Jove!

KITTY. Don't be so silly, George. You ought to like it. It's all so truly British, and Aunt Cornelia's a dear old thing really—it's only that she's got no sense of humour—and——

GEORGE (*hotly*). That's it ; that's all you want to see her for, to pull her leg over something or other. You know very well, Kitty, that you——

KITTY. It's no use. You won't get off by abusing me. You *are* to be here and you *are* to have read Aunt Cornelia's interview with the *Daily Leader* reporter the very moment she landed yesterday.

(She picks up a paper from the table.)

Listen. I'll read it to you and then you can talk to her about it. "Mrs. Posthurst and the futurism of the sex-ideal." That's what it's called, and this is what Aunt Cornelia says—so just try and take it in.

(Reading from the paper.)

"In some respects we English women are far behind even the squaws of the American Indians and the terrible, the appalling, the stupendous injury which two thousand years of a blind and tyrannous Christianity through its cunning priestcraft has wrought upon the position of women in England, is all the more tragic because——"

(As soon as KITTY begins to read this extract GEORGE, after first watching his opportunity, has stolen quietly out of the room on tiptoe.)

KITTY (*looking round and finding GEORGE gone*). George—George !

(There is a sound from the cot ; best done by a gramophone record of a baby crying. She rushes to it and takes the child out.)

Did they then—did they—did they—Oh, and he *was* a big man to suck his thumb, he was—and his mother's got him yes, she has—his own *clever* mother—and it isn't every man of two months old that can suck his thumb—no it isn't—the *darling*.

(*She puts the child back in the cot and begins preparing its bottle.*)

(*MRS. POSTHURST comes in. MRS. POSTHURST is a tall, gaunt, hungry-looking woman, whose self-importance oozes from every pore in her skin. She wears spectacles or pince-nez.*)

(*KITTY does not notice her as she puts her head in at the door and then comes into the room.*)

MRS. POSTHURST. Catherine.

(*KITTY runs up to her and kisses her. MRS. POSTHURST pecks her cheek in a forbidding way.*)

KITTY (*pleasantly*). Well, Aunt Cornelia, aren't you glad to get back? Why, you *do* look a rag.

MRS. POSTHURST. I should have thought, Catherine, that after my absence of over a year in America you might possibly have come to meet me at the station.

(*KITTY'S manner changes; her look implies that she is quite ready for a "scrape."*)

KITTY. I couldn't leave baby you see.

MRS. POSTHURST. I beg your pardon.

KITTY (*speaking as if to a deaf person*). I said I couldn't leave baby, Aunt Cornelia.

MRS. POSTHURST. Whose baby?

KITTY (*opening her eyes*). What *do* you mean?

MRS. POSTHURST. I mean what I say. Whose baby are you in charge of?

KITTY. You were both written to *and* wired to, when my Robert was born.

MRS. POSTHURST (*utterly taken aback and starting vaguely first towards the cot, then towards KITTY*). Your—my dear child—your—good heavens—but—I—and how old is he? It's a most extraordinary thing, but I never—

KITTY. Wait—Aunt Cornelia—the address—the

American address you left for Ethel and myself, did you take *any* steps whatever to see that letters and telegrams were forwarded from that address to *you*, as you rushed from one place to another? *Did you now?*

MRS. POSTHURST. I had no idea, Catherine, even that you were married.

KITTY. That is no answer to my question. Weren't you much too absorbed in your lecturing and your campaign to give a thought either to Ethel or myself the whole time.

MRS. POSTHURST. I had my work to do.

KITTY (*smiling*). Of course you had. Never mind, come and look at him. (*She takes her to the cot.*) Now. *Isn't he* rather a darling?

(KITTY *waits, evidently in hopes that the sight of the baby will arouse even in her Aunt some sort of enthusiasm.*)

MRS. POSTHURST (*after inspecting the baby and then staring at KITTY*). It is very curious, Catherine, but there is not the faintest resemblance to our family either in you or in your child.

(*This remark is taken by KITTY in a flash, as a final declaration of war, and she fully accepts it.*)

KITTY (*picking up the child's feeding bottle*). Thank God.

MRS. POSTHURST (*starting up*). Catherine!

KITTY (*smiling very sweetly*). But, Aunt Cornelia, if it is a relief to me, why shouldn't I say so?

MRS. POSTHURST. If what is a relief?

KITTY (*coming up to her aunt in the most loving manner and beginning to fondle her hand*). Why, before Robert was born, it was a perpetual nightmare to me, that the likeness to your family might be like the gout. I thought it might have skipped a generation in me only to visit itself with redoubled force upon my innocent child.

MRS. POSTHURST. If you are in one of your moods, I shall most certainly go straight on to Creech.

KITTY (*still retaining her aunt's hand, which she continues to fondle*). But you know that whatever I say, you *do* love me the best of *all* your nieces, don't you?

(*A pause.*)

And it's this ring you're going to leave me in your will, don't forget—you *promised*—your grandmother's ring. Ethel can have *that* one and *that*, but——

MRS. POSTHURST. I should have thought it might have sobered you to suddenly find yourself a mother at the age of 20.

KITTY. Suddenly! I like that! (*In a burst of intense pride.*) And I *wasn't*, I *wasn't* 20 either, when Robert was born. *There* now, *wasn't* I clever. (*Fondling her aunt.*) Aunt Cor., I am your favourite niece, aren't I?—not Ethel. Have you seen Ethel? Did she come to meet you?

MRS. POSTHURST. No, I have *not* seen Ethel, but a letter from her was waiting for me at Liverpool. Catherine, why have you *again* been setting Ethel against me?

KITTY. I haven't.

MRS. POSTHURST. Listen. Was it you, or was it not you, then, who persuaded your sister Ethel when you knew I was safely out of the way to come here to the Rectory to your old home, back to all the associations of her childhood; was that or was it *not* your doing?

KITTY. It was like this, the new Rector has gone abroad for his health, and he said he would let the rectory to us for a couple of months, so we took the chance.

MRS. POSTHURST. We! You mean "*You*." I put it to you. It was *you* who thought of this, *not* Ethel.

KITTY. Certainly I thought of it.

MRS. POSTHURST. And you consider you are justified in bringing Ethel back here and persuading her to attend all the Easter services. You wait till I am gone, and then just as Ethel was *really* shaking off the superstitions of her childhood—just as she was *really* losing her belief in these old wives' fables—these monkish stories, these priestly dogmas, deliberately planned by a tyrant Church in order to keep woman for ever in a position of abject slavery to man; at the very moment when Ethel, under my influence, was cutting herself adrift from all this superstition, you bring her back here, for the sole purpose of riveting once more upon her neck the chains of all this preposterous servitude.

KITTY (*speaking very pleasantly as the busies herself with the child's bottle*). Religion you mean?

MRS. POSTHURST. You know quite well what I mean. The whole scheme of the Christian priestcraft of whatever denomination is based upon this monstrous conspiracy to bind down woman, body and soul, as the mere slave and chattel of man. You *know* that my life work is to *combat* this, and therefore you, from sheer perversity—it is nothing else, because you are *not* religious yourself—from sheer perversity, you try to set every one that you can against me—it is just the same with George.

KITTY. What utter rubbish. I haven't set George against you.

MRS. POSTHURST. Yes, you have. You first became engaged to George because I suppose he is exactly the type of man of whom you know that I thoroughly disapprove.

KITTY. What do you mean? What type?

MRS. POSTHURST. He is an artist and a Bohemian; he belongs to that class of people who pride themselves in possessing what they call the artistic temperament.

KITTY. And because you object to the artistic temperament——

MRS. POSTHURST. I do *not* object to it in a *real* artist, but with George it is merely an excuse for being late for meals, or forgetting to button his waistcoat—and for *you*—even to be friends with a man like George—you, with your complete want of balance—your ignorance—your—— (*Coming to KITTY and shaking her finger at her with tremendous impressiveness.*) Mark me, Catherine, sooner or later, as sure as I stand here, you will bitterly, bitterly regret having married yourself to George Scarcliffe.

KITTY (*smiling with an air of quiet triumph as she takes the baby out of the cot*). Ah, but I haven't married George you see.

MRS. POSTHURST (*starting back as if she had been shot*). What!

KITTY (*in a pleasant, prattling voice as she busies herself at the cot*). Didn't you know? Why! I wrote, and—but, of course, you didn't leave any address. (*Moving busily about the room.*) No—after all, George and I didn't marry. It was rather funny, but it happened in this way. We were having such a gorgeous time while we were engaged, that we hated the idea of ending it by just *marrying*. You see, neither George nor I are very *good*. You know what I mean. We've neither of us got very high principles and all that sort of thing. (*She takes the baby out of the cot and walks up and down with it.*) Of course, if even *one* of us had been high principled, it would have been all right—but marriage between two people like George and myself—you can see, Aunt Cornelia, that it *must* have killed all the *passion*, the *glamour*, the *romance* that there was between us. You know what George always use to quote—that passage from—I forget where it comes from, but it's extraordinarily true.

(*Standing facing the audience and speaking impressively.*)

"When once you are married," the writer says, "when once you are married, there is nothing left, not even suicide—but to be good—the path lies straight and dusty to the grave." And then, in the same book, there is something which always makes me think of *your* marriage. "To marry," the writer says, "to marry, is to domesticate the recording angel."

(While KITTY has been busy with her nursery duties and not noticing her aunt as she prattles on, MRS. POSTHURST, after staring at her for some time, has sunk in a chair with her eyes closed and is breathing heavily, showing signs of serious heart trouble.)

MRS. POSTHURST (gasping it out with difficulty). Catherine!

KITTY. Yes!

(KITTY regards her aunt with an air of pleasant inquiry for a moment, and then, after putting the baby back in its cot, comes to her.)

(Briskly). Yes. What is it? What's the matter?

MRS. POSTHURST (with closed eyes). My salts! In my little bag!

KITTY (getting her salts out of the bag, which MRS. POSTHURST has left on the table, and giving them to her and then speaking briskly and pleasantly). You got out of the carriage and walked up the hill, didn't you now, to save the horses? I told nurse that was what you would do. It always makes your heart go. Wait a minute. I'll get you some brandy.

(KITTY goes to the cupboard, pours a little brandy into a wine glass and brings it to her aunt.)

MRS. POSTHURST (after drinking the brandy and then staring at her niece for some time as if unable to find words). Catherine—I—I—do not—understand you. Are you telling me that you the man George

Scarcliffe—are living here—amongst your late father's parishioners—in open—open—defiance of—of——

KITTY (*with tremendous gusto*). Of what? (*Striking an attitude and holding forth as if on a platform.*) In defiance of all those two thousand years of superstition and slavery which the blind despotism of a tyrant Church through its cunning priestcraft and its iniquitous marriage laws has fastened upon the necks of us poor serfs of women——

MRS. POSTHURST (*forgetting her heart and bursting out furiously*). How dare you argue like that? How dare you——

KITTY. I'm not arguing. I knew you'd get muddled if you hurried up the hill. But just think for a moment, Aunt Cornelia.

(KITTY now picks up a red shawl from the table, and as she asks the following question she folds the shawl carefully, facing the audience.)

Why, if the Christian religion is all a myth, *why* should we girls of the present day bother to marry the man we happen to become fond of? Why, Aunt Cornelia? Why?

MRS. POSTHURST. *Silence*—you shameless—you abominable child——

KITTY. But I'm only wondering. Of course, I'm speaking of a girl like myself, who's independent as regards money, and who doesn't want to get into society as you do. I don't say for a moment she *shouldn't* marry the man of her choice, I don't mean that at all. But then there's no particular reason why she *should*, is there? Come, now, the whole notion of *one* man sticking to *one* woman all through life, right along the dusty path to the bitter end, just as poor uncle Basil stuck to you; it all comes from this Christian idea or ideal, or whatever you call it, and *that* you've destroyed with your book and your lectures, you dear, clever Aunt Cor.

MRS. POSTHURST (*panting and snorting*). Will you stop.

KITTY. I'll stop. But all the same you really *might answer*, instead of puffing. Because it *is* a queer thing when you come to think of it, that *you*, who have altered the whole world with your book, that *you*, Aunt Cornelia, on a simple primitive question like marriage, should be miles behind—well—even a poor, dear, old think like Abraham for instance.

MRS. POSTHURST (*hoping that at last she has got a chance*). Your ignorance is perfectly *astounding*, Catherine. Are you going to tell me that Abraham never married.

KITTY. Of course he married when he remembered about it. But he wasn't prejudiced enough to make an absolute *rule* of it as *you* think people ought to. And as to Solomon, I don't say that he didn't marry, occasionally—on his birthday perhaps, or something like that—just to give the people a show, but I don't believe he ever made a *hobby* of it, Aunt Cornelia, as you insist that people should. Anyhow, he couldn't possibly have married *all* of them, because he was a very busy man, and you must remember that the Jewish ceremony takes the whole day. (*Decidedly.*) No, you're miles behind both Abraham and Solomon.

MRS. POSTHURST. I always said so, I said so from the beginning, from your earliest childhood, that you would end in this way.

KITTY. But I haven't ended; I've only just begun. Come, Aunt Cor., don't take refuge in abusing me. Argue it out. If all Christian priestcraft is utterly pernicious as you say, if we are not to believe in it, or in its teaching, how *could* the mere fact of some old gentleman in a white beard and a sort of nightshirt over his trousers, mumbling some words over two such hopelessly casual people as myself and George, in a place they call a church; how *could* that make any real difference.

MRS. POSTHURST. *Of course* you know that there is such a thing as civil marriage. *Of course* you know it.

KITTY. The registrar! That's glorious! The registrar! You've dethroned the poor old gentleman in the nightshirt, in order to put another old gentleman in a frock coat and whiskers in his place. "These be thy gods, oh Israel!" What a wonderful revolution!

MRS. POSTHURST (*getting her bag and putting on her hat*). I wash my hands of you. No doubt it is a satisfaction to you to think that you have ruined Ethel's life as well as your own.

KITTY. Rubbish!

MRS. POSTHURST. Yes, you have. The Duchess of Creech had promised to present her this season—but now——

KITTY. Present her! Who to? Mr. Tom Mann!

MRS. POSTHURST (*tearfully*). Catherine, your vanity has simply blotted you out. I honestly believe that just to get the better of me in argument you have done this thing, and destroyed yourself and brought into the world a nameless infant.

KITTY (*smiling*). No, dear. He's called Robert.

MRS. POSTHURST. You *think* you are clever, but you are, as a matter of fact, simply a very silly, idiotic, ignorant little girl. Do you really suppose that those who are spreading these new feminist doctrines over the world; do you think that workers in the field such as the Duchess of Creech and myself; do you imagine that *we* are going to make our own ordinary everyday lives square with our teaching?

KITTY. I should have thought that people would have practised what they preached, more or less. Yes.

MRS. POSTHURST. Then you are very foolish and you know nothing of the age in which you live, or of the English character. Do not all the radical politicians, themselves the sons of dissenting ministers;

send their *own* sons to Eton or Winchester, the hot-beds of monkish tradition?

KITTY. But why, why, do you people preach all this new stuff if you don't believe in it?

MRS. POSTHURST (*stamping her foot*). We do believe in it, as a means of concentrating the attention of the world upon ourselves.

KITTY (*running to the window and leaning out and calling*). Yes, yes, I'm coming. (*Turning to her aunt.*) Nurse says I'm to bring Robert into the garden.

(KITTY *takes up the baby and goes to the door. Just as she reaches it* GEORGE *comes in with a telegram in his hand.*)

KITTY. George, where *have* you been. You *are* to come and talk to Aunt Cornelia. (*Pushing the reluctant* GEORGE *towards her aunt.*) Should you know him, Aunt Cornelia, now he's shaved off his moustache?

GEORGE (*holding out the telegram*). Kitty, here!

KITTY. I'll be back in a second.

(*She pushes* GEORGE *towards* MRS. POSTHURST *once more and then runs out with the baby. Exit KITTY.*)

GEORGE (*guiltily. Hating the interview and knowing* MRS. POSTHURST *has seen him bolt off*). How-de do? So glad you got back all right. How did yer find America? I suppose it's——

MRS. POSTHURST (*staring at him with a glassy eyeball and at last puffing it out*). You—you—you horrible, you abandoned renegade——

GEORGE (*utterly bewildered*). Eh?

MRS. POSTHURST (*her voice quivering with passion*). My niece is simply an innocent and idiotic child. But you—you, with your art and your colour schemes, and your middle distance. I always distrusted you. Yes, you have led Catherine on step by step, ever

since that evening when you continued to discuss the deceptions of Chiaro-oscuro in her presence, though I kept frowning at you ; you have been deliberately working for this. Oh, yes, *you* knew well enough what you were about.

GEORGE (*shrugging his shoulders, utterly bewildered*). I really don't know—what——

MRS. POSTHURST. Oh, you don't know—you who have been to Eton and Exford. (*Working herself up to a white heat of passion.*) But I shall write to the headmaster of Eton and the President of Trinity, both of whom are clergymen, and both of whom I know. I shall take care that everybody, that the *whole world* rings with your flagrant, your abominable——

(KITTY runs in greatly excited.)

KITTY. Do you know what Robert's doing now, George ? He's *biting* his thumb. *Biting* it.

GEORGE (*utterly bewildered. In an undertone to KITTY*). I say, what is it ? What's the matter with her ?

KITTY (*smiling at her aunt*). You walked too fast up the hill, didn't you, you beloved Aunt Cor. !

GEORGE (*to KITTY*). Well, I must go. (*Handing KITTY the telegram.*) I've got to meet your extremely thoughtful and business-like husband at the station, Kitty. (*Turning to MRS. POSTHURST.*) I'm sorry to rush off, Mrs. Posthurst, but you know my brother Bill as well as I do. He always does things in this sort of way. It's a trick parsons have. (*Turning to KITTY.*) Kitty, though my brother is your husband, I don't mind saying that I hope Robert won't grow up to be as casual as his charming father.

(GEORGE goes out hurriedly.)

(*There is a pause. KITTY again busies herself with her nursery duties.*)

(MRS. POSTHURST *stands watching her, breathing heavily.*)

(*The church bell begins to ring.*)

KITTY (*looking up at her aunt coyly with a seraphic smile*). You see, you dear thing, if you'd only left a proper address you'd have *known*, wouldn't you? You see I wrote and told you that I didn't think I had enough principle to marry George, and as Bill had been wanting to marry me for three years, and as he was a clergyman and simply chock full of principle and moral ballast and all that, I broke it off with George and married Bill.

(*Running to her aunt and throwing her arms round her neck.*)

And oh, Aunt Cor., I'm so happy! I *am* so happy!

(MRS. POSTHURST, *after blowing her nose loudly several times and wiping her eyes, kisses KITTY fondly.*)

MRS. POSTHURST (*tearfully*). You're a very wicked, cruel, heartless child!

KITTY. Oh, I know—I know. (*Fondling and kissing her aunt*). It's something inside me—something lurking within. But I *am* your favourite niece, aren't I? (*Stroking her aunt's hand.*)

MRS. POSTHURST (*tearfully*). Yes dear.

KITTY. And that's the ring you're going to leave me in your will, isn't it?

MRS. POSTHURST (*tearfully*). Yes, yes, darling.

KITTY (*very seriously*). You see, Aunt Cor., as I'm married to a clergyman, I must get a bit back for the gospel when I can.

(CURTAIN.)

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Continued from second page of cover.

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